THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, October 23, 1809.

Lieutenant-Colonel Pinkney's Description of the Castle of Rambouillet, in the South of France.

IN this conversation, after a long but wearisome journey, we reached Rambouillet. The trunk was again brought from the coach, and a table furnished with knives, spoons, and clean linen—a kind of essentials seldom to be seen in a French inn, and more particularly in such inns as we had reason to expect at some of our stages, in the course of our long tour. A servant had likewise been sent before, so that a tolerable dinner was already in a state of preparation. Being informed, however, that we had an hour still good, Mr. Younge and Mademoiselle St. Sillery insisted upon taking me to see the celebrated chateau in which Francis the First breathed his last.

Nothing can be more miserable, nothing more calculated to inspire melancholy, than the situation and approach to this immense and most disproportioned building. It is situated in a park, in the midst of woods and waters, and most unaccountably, the very lowest ground in a park of two thousand acres is chosen for its site. The approach to it from the village is by a long avenue, planted on both sides by double and treble rows of lofty trees, the tops of which are so broad and thick as almost to meet each other. This avenue opens into a lawn, in the centre of which is the chateau. It is an heavy and vast structure, entirely of brick, and with the turrets, arches, and corners, characteristic of the Gothic order. The property of it belongs at present to the nation, that is to say, it was not

sold amongst the other confiscated estates; something of an imperial establishment, therefore, is resident in the chateau, consisting of a company of soldiers, with two officers, and an housekeeper. One of the officers had the politeness to become our guide, and to lead us from room to room, explaining as he went whatever seemed to excite our attention.

Louis the Fourteenth held his court in this castle for some years; and from respect to his memory, the apartment in which he slept, and held his levee, is still retained in the same condition in which it was left by that monarch. This chamber is a room nearly thirty yards in length by eighteen in width, and lofty in proportion; the windows like those of a church. On the further extremity is a raised floor, where stands the royal bed of purple velvet and gold, lined with white satin painted in a very superior style. The colours, both of the painting and the velvet, still remain; and two pieces of coarse linen are shewed as the royal sheets. The counterpane is of red velvet, embroidered, as it were, with white lace, and with a deep gold fringe round the edges; this is likewise lined with white satin, and marked at the corners with a crown and fleur de lys. On each side of the bed are the portraits of Louis the Fourteenth and Fifteenth, of Philip the Fourth of Spain, and of his queen. The portrait of Louis the Fourteenth more peculiarly attracted my attention, having been mentioned by several historians to be the best existing likeness of that celebrated monarch. If Louis resembled his picture, he was much handsomer than he is described to have been by the memoir-writers of his age; his countenance has an air of much haughtiness and self-confidence, but without any mixture of ill-humour. The chief peculiarity in his habit was a deep lace ruff, and a doublet of light blue, very nearly resembling the jacket of the English light cavalry. This portrait was taken when the king was in his twenty-eighth year, and therefore is probably a far more correct resemblance than those which were taken at a more advanced period—so true is the assertion of the poet, that old men are all alike.

Immediately over that line of the apartment where the raised floor terminates, is a gilded rod extending along the ceiling. When the king held his court at Rambouillet, a curtain only separated his chamber and the levee-room. In the latter room are several portraits of the peers of France during the reign of Louis the Fifteenth, with those of some Spanish grandees.

We visited several other rooms, all of them magnificently furnished, and all the furniture apparently of the same æra. The grand saloon appeared to me to be the largest room I had ever seen; the floor is of white marble, as are likewise two ranges of Corinthian pillars on each side of the apartment.

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Its height, however, is not proportioned to its length, a defect, which, added to its narrowness, gives it the air of a gallery rather than of a banquetting-room.

We had not time enough to walk over the gardens; but, from a cursory view of them, did not much regret our loss. They appeared spacious enough, but so divided and intersected into plots, borders, narrow and broad walks, terraces, and flower-beds in the shape of stars, as to resemble any thing but what would be called a garden in England and America. This style of gardening was introduced into France by Le Notre, and some centuries must yet pass away before the French gardeners will acquire a more correct taste. What would not English taste have effected with the capabilities of Rambouillet? A park of two thousand acres in front, and a forest of nearly thirty thousand behind—all this, in the hands of Frenchmen, is thrown away; the park is but a meadow, and the forest a neglected wood.

Account of the Battle of Corunna; and the Last Moments of Lieutenant-General Sir John Moore.

[From "A Narrative of the Campaign of the British Army in Spain, by his Brother, James Moore, Esq."]

(Concluded from Page 825.)

AS many will receive a melancholy gratification from reading the particulars of the last moments of the life of Sir John Moore, such incidents as are authentic shall be communicated. The following letter from Captain Hardinge describes his fall:—

"The circumstances which took place immediately after the fatal blow which deprived the army of its gallant commander, Sir John Moore, are of too interesting a nature not to be made public, for the admiration of his countrymen. But I trust that the instances of fortitude and heroism of which I was a witness may also have another effect, that of affording some consolation to his relatives and friends.

"With this feeling I have great satisfaction in committing to paper, according to your desire, the following relation:

"I had been ordered by the commander in chief to desire a battalion of the guards to advance; which battalion was at one time intended to have dislodged a corps of the enemy from a large house and garden on the opposite side of the valley; and I was pointing out to the general the situation of the battalion, and our horses were touching, at the very moment

that a cannon-shot from the enemy's battery, carried away his left shoulder and part of the collar-bone, leaving the arm hanging by the flesh.

"The violence of the stroke threw him off his horse, on his back. Not a muscle of his face altered, nor did a sigh betray the least sensation of pain.

"I dismounted, and, taking his hand, he pressed mine forcibly, casting his eyes very anxiously towards the 42d regiment, which was hotly engaged; and his countenance expressed satisfaction when I informed him that the regiment was advancing.

"Assisted by a soldier of the 42d, he was removed a few yards behind the shelter of a wall.

"Colonel Graham Balgowan and Captain Woodford about this time came up; and, perceiving the state of Sir John's wound, instantly rode off for a surgeon.

"The blood flowed fast; but the attempt to stop it with my sash was useless, from the size of the wound.

"Sir John assented to being removed in a blanket to the rear. In raising him for that purpose, his sword, hanging on the wounded side, touched his arm, and became entangled between his legs. I perceived the inconvenience, and was in the act of unbuckling it from his waist, when he said, in his usual tone and manner, and in a very distinct voice, 'It is as well as it is. I had rather it should go out of the field with me.'

"Here I feel that it would be improper for my pen to venture to express the admiration with which I am penetrated in thus faithfully recording this instance of the invincible fortitude, and military delicacy, of this great man.

"He was borne by six soldiers of the 42d and guards, my sash supporting him, in an easy posture.

"Observing the resolution and composure of his features, I caught at the hope that I might be mistaken in my fears of the wound being mortal; and remarked, that I trusted when the surgeons dressed the wound, that he would be spared to us, and recover. He then turned his head round, and looking steadfastly at the wound for a few seconds, said, 'No, Hardinge, I feel that to be impossible.'

"I wished to accompany him to the rear, when he said, 'You need not go with me. Report to General Hope that I am wounded, and carried to the rear.'

"A serjeant of the 42d, and two spare files, in case of accident, were ordered to conduct their brave general to Corunna; and I hastened to report to General Hope.

"I have the honour to be, &c. &c.

"H. HARDINGE."

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The tidings of this disaster were brought to Sir David Baird when the surgeons were dressing his shattered arm. He instantly commanded them to desist, and run to attend on Sir John Moore. When they arrived, and offered their assistance, he said to them, " You can be of no service to me; go to the soldiers, to whom you may be useful."

As the soldiers were carrying him slowly along, he made them turn him round frequently to view the field of battle, and to listen to the firing; and was well pleased when the sound grew fainter.

A spring waggon, bearing Colonel Wynch, wounded, from the battle, came up. The colonel asked, " Who was in the blanket?" and being told it was Sir John Moore, he wished him to be placed in the waggon. The general asked one of the Highlanders, whether he thought the waggon or the blanket best; who answered, that the blanket would not shake him so much, as he and the other soldiers would keep the step, and carry him easy. Sir John said, " I think so too." So they proceeded with him to his lodgings in Corunna, the soldiers shedding tears as they went.

In carrying him through the passage of the house he saw his faithful servant Francois, who was stunned at the spectacle. Sir John said to him, smiling, " My friend, this is nothing."

Colonel Anderson, for one and twenty years the friend and companion of Sir John Moore, wrote the morning following this account, while the circumstances were fresh in his memory:—

" I met the general in the evening of the 16th, carried in a blanket and sashes. He immediately knew me, though it was almost dark, squeezed me by the hand, and said, ' Anderson, don't leave me.'

" He spoke to the surgeons on their examining his wound, but was in such pain he could say little.

" After some time, he seemed very anxious to speak to me and at intervals got out as follows:—' Anderson, you know that I have always wished to die this way.' He then asked, ' Are the French beaten?' which he repeated to every one he knew, as they came in. ' I hope the people of England will be satisfied!—I hope my country will do me justice!—Anderson—you will see my friends as soon as you can. Tell them—every thing.—Say to my mother—' (Here his voice quite failed, and he was excessively agitated.) ' Hope—Hope—I have much to say to him—but—cannot get it out—Are Colonel Graham—and all my aides-de-camp well? (a private signal was made by Colonel Anderson not to inform him that Captain Burrard,* one of his aides-de-camp, was wounded in the action.)

* Son of Sir Harry Burrard, a promising young officer, who died two days afterwards of his wound.

tion.) ' I have made my will, and have remembered my servants.—Colborne has my will—and all my papers.'

" Major Colborne then came into the room. He spoke most kindly to him, and then said to me, ' Anderson, remember you go to ———, and tell him it is my request, and that I expect he will give Major Colborne a lieutenant-colonelcy.—He has been long with me—and I know him most worthy of it.' He then asked Major Colborne, ' If the French were beaten?' And on being told they were on every point, he said, ' Its a great satisfaction for me to know that we have beaten the French.—Is Paget in the room?' On my telling him no, he said, ' Remember me to him—Its General Paget I mean—he is a fine fellow.—I feel myself so strong—I fear I shall be long dying.—It is great uneasiness—It is great pain.—Every thing Francois says—is right—I have the greatest confidence in him.'

" He thanked the surgeons for their trouble. Captains Percy and Stanhope, two of his aides-de-camp, then came into the room. He spoke kindly to both, and asked Percy,* ' If all his aides-de-camp were well?'

" After some interval, he said,† ' Stanhope, remember me to your sister.' He pressed my hand close to his body, and in a few minutes died without a struggle.

" This was every syllable he uttered, as far as I can recollect, except asking occasionally to be placed in an easier posture.

" P. ANDERSON, Lieutenant-Colonel."

From a sentiment of veneration that has been felt in every age, the corpse of a man who had excited admiration cannot be neglected as common clay. This impression leads mankind sometimes to treat an inanimate body with peculiar respect; and even to bestow upon it unfelt honours.

This was now the subject of deliberation among the military friends of Sir John Moore, who had survived the engagement; when Colonel Anderson informed them, that he had heard the general repeatedly declare, " that if he was killed in the field of battle, he wished to be buried where he had fallen!" General Hope and Colonel Graham immediately acceded to this suggestion; and it was determined that the body should be interred on the rampart of the citadel of Corunna.

At twelve o'clock at night the remains of Sir John Moore were accordingly carried to the citadel by Colonel Graham, Major Colborne, and the aides-de-camp, and deposited in Colonel Graham's quarters.

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* The Hon. Captain Percy, son to Lord Beverley.

† The Hon. Captain Stanhope, third son to Earl Stanhope, and nephew to the late Mr. Pitt.

A grave was dug by a party of the 9th regiment, the aides-de-camp attending by turns. No coffin could be procured, and the body was never undressed, but wrapped up by the officers of his staff in a military cloak and blankets.

Towards eight o'clock in the morning some firing was heard. It was then resolved to finish the interment, lest a serious attack should be made, on which the officers would be ordered away, and not suffered to pay the last duties to their general.

The officers of his family bore the body to the grave; the funeral service was read by the chaplain, and the corps was covered with earth.

It is not for a brother to delineate a character where the warmest affections were united with such a grandeur of soul as to create a delusion in his family, and almost to persuade them that his mind, like the forms of Grecian sculpture, approached to ideal excellence.

Their testimony cannot be received. But the high estimation he was held in by the most celebrated generals and statesmen of the period in which he lived, mark him to have been an extraordinary man.

Those who have run their course, but who live in our memories, shall alone be cited.

That eminent soldier Sir Charles Stuart, marked the conspicuous valour and abilities of Lieutenant-Colonel Moore, and pointed him out to his sovereign and his country.

Sir Ralph Abercromby next selected him for his friend, and wielded him as his sword.

Then Marquis Cornwallis, when serving in Ireland, conferred upon him (though one of his youngest generals) the most important command in his army. Thus did three of the greatest British generals of the age intrust Sir John Moore to achieve those enterprises which demanded the most daring resolution and consummate military knowledge; and, by an uninterrupted train of success, he surpassed their expectations.

He never courted ministers, nor sought for pre-eminence by mean solicitations. But when sent for, or employed by them, he behaved with the deference due to their station, and expressed his opinions with the candour that was becoming himself.

Mr. Pitt was struck with his actions, and solicited his acquaintance. The esteem he had pre-conceived augmented in proportion to the intimacy that was formed. He consulted him on military affairs, and on several important occasions yielded to his judgment. This confidential intercourse continued 'till the death of that statesman. Had he lived, and still continued to superintend the councils of government, the reasons which drew forth this work never could have existed; for his conduct

towards the naval and military commanders whom he made choice of, was always just and noble.

During the short time Mr. Fox was minister, he likewise expressed, in his energetic manner, the highest consideration for this general.

When it was in agitation to appoint him commander in chief in India, Mr. Fox sent for him, and with characteristic frankness told him, "he could not give his consent; that it was impossible for him, in the state in which Europe then was, to send to such a distance a general in whom he had such entire confidence."

Mr. Fox did not survive long; but those distinguished noblemen and commoners who belonged to that administration, or who were politically attached to that minister, have emulously and most eloquently exerted themselves, that due honours might be paid to the chosen general of Mr. Pitt.

The guardian solicitude with which the king watches over the honour and interest of his army, has been conspicuous through the whole of his reign. Moore was an officer whom his majesty noticed early, and cherished constantly; and when he was assailed by powerful undermining intrigues, ever afforded him his royal protection.

The ungenerous persecution continues beyond the grave; but his sovereign bewails his death with deep sorrow; defends his fame, which he valued above life; and holds him by proclamation as an example to the British army.

Causes of the Overthrow of the Spanish Monarchy.

(Concluded from Page 834.)

FOR twenty years the queen had for her confessor a man of inflexible integrity, to whom, as a reward for his fidelity, was given a bishoprick, but with obligation to constant residence in his diocese. This he resigned that he might return to Madrid, where, however, he was not permitted to remain, being commanded to retire into the Asturias, his native country, that he might there enjoy tranquillity for the remainder of his days. On his retreat he was succeeded by Muzquiz, a confessor of distinguished talents, and much attached to the new favourite.

Acuna, a low-bred ecclesiastic of neither talents nor literature, but a fortunate gambler, who occasionly lent money to Godoy, was first rewarded by a canonry of Santiago, one of the greatest dignities in Spain, and then appointed minister of grace and justice, an office which not only controuls all the tribunals in the kingdom, but governs the whole ecclesiastical system of the realm.

In November, 1792, the duke of Alcudia became prime minister, and a few months after this, he took Don Antonia Barradas for his minister of war. This man had served with him as guarde de corps, and became the confidential friend of Charles IV. Godoy, well aware of his influence, cultivated his friendship. Immediately on the death of Charles III. Barradas was rapidly promoted to be brigadier-general, then marshal, and knight of the order of Charles III. He received a gold key, and his wife became lady of honour to the queen. This man had acquired the friendship of the king, while prince of Asturias, by submitting with good humour when, as frequently happened, he was exposed to laughter by impertinent jokes and vulgar tricks upon his person, and by attending fairs to purchase horses for him whenever his services in the capacity of groom were wanted. By such base servility he ingratiated himself, and being a convenient person to the duke, he was amply rewarded for his fidelity to the confidence reposed in him; for without one good quality, which could recommend him to the office, he was appointed minister of war.

With such ministers as these, we must not be surprised, that Spain was unable to withstand the shock of revolutionary troops. All their armies were defeated, and the French generals were marching to Madrid.

The minister of war attributed their rapid progress, not to his own neglect, not to deficiency of men, nor to their want of spirit, but to his absolute inability to arm them. Barcelona, the Birmingham of Spain, was in the occupation of the enemy; and 50,000 stand of arms, which had been purchased in England, had been seized by the English minister, and sent to La Vendee, where they soon fell into the hands of Robespierre.

Unfortunately for the common cause, the facts were precisely as stated by the minister of war. I saw a letter from an officer in the Spanish army to my Spanish friend, then on a visit at my house, in which he lamented the want of arms; and the late Sir Archibald Dixon informed me that he had landed, in La Vendee, 30,000 of the muskets which had been purchased by the Spanish minister in England.

In these circumstances the duke of Alcudia complained, that Spain was betrayed by her ally, and, no longer able to resist, he advised his sovereign to quit the coalition, and to make peace with France.

On this occasion splendid illuminations in every city testified the universal joy, and on the frontiers, between the contending armies, the populace, assembling, made bonfires with the implements of war.

This opportunity of acquiring popularity for the favourite was not to be neglected. The king, therefore, immediately

granted him fresh honours, and, to coincide with the general sentiment of the nation, the title of the prince of the peace was fixed upon. To keep up a perpetual remembrance of this event, and to remind succeeding generations of the motives which induced the king to grant such a title to his minister, his majesty was pleased to send the subsequent mandate to the council of Castille:—

"In consideration of the exalted qualities of Don Manuel Godoy Alvarez de Faria, prince of the peace, duke of Alcudia, grandee of spain of the first class, knight of the orders of the golden fleece, of Charles III. of Malta, and of Santiago, captain-general of the royal armies, inspector of the guarde de corps, counsellor and first secretary of state, chamberlain and secretary to my beloved wife the queen, having in view the rank of his ancestors, his high employments, the distinguished services he has rendered me, the antiquity of his illustrious house, and the merit of his having established peace between this crown and the French nation; it was my pleasure, by my royal proclamation, the 4th of this present month, to honour him with the dignity of prince of the peace, which title is to continue, and to be transmitted to his heirs and successors.

"Anxious to give him a fresh proof of the satisfaction with which I regard his incessant attention to my service, it is my royal will and pleasure that his coat of arms shall acquire new dignity, by adding, above his ducal coronet, the image of Janus, whose two faces are the symbol of his consummate wisdom in the present circumstances of public affairs, a symbol of the prudent man, who, with native sagacity, examines the past, foresees the future, discerns the principles, causes, and connexions of things, anticipates effects, compares, with a discerning eye, times and events, penetrates the most recondite political secrets, discovers things before unknown, and reaches to the highest pinnacle of human understanding for the happiness of nations.

Now as Janus is the symbol of *peace*, it is my royal will and pleasure that the bust of this false divinity shall indicate the title of the prince of the peace.

"This image shall bear on its head the civic crown, with which the Romans rewarded merit to the preservers of peace.

"It is also my royal will and pleasure that two other allegorical figures shall be added to his coat of arms, annulling, in the present case, whatever laws of heraldry appear to be contrary to this innovation. The figure on the right side shall be allegorical of Spain, whose left arm shall embrace the ducal coronet, and whose right hand shall bear a blue standard with the arms of Castille and Leon.

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" The figure on the left side of the coat of arms shall be a page, such as in former times attended illustrious knights, carrying their coats of arms to the tournaments, houses of high distinction, and places of festivity. This armour-bearer shall have upon his breast the coat of arms of the barony of Godoy; and in his left hand a spear with a pendant, in which the different arms of the alliances of the house of Godoy shall be represented. It is my royal will and pleasure that the prince of the peace, on all public occasions, shall be preceded by an armour-bearer, either on foot, on horseback, or in a coach. And for this office the prince of the peace shall choose a person whose rank and character shall not disgrace the splendour of his arms.

" And although the supporters granted to noblemen are not hereditary, yet it is my royal will and pleasure that the supporters, which by these presents are granted to the prince of the peace, shall descend with his titles, and be used by his successors.—St. Ildefonso, 12th October, 1795, I, the king.

" To the bishop, governor of the
council of Castille."

This curious proclamation I received from a Spanish friend of high connexions, in whose veracity I have the most perfect confidence.

What has been already stated is sufficient to demonstrate that the fond affection of the king for the prince of the peace knew no limits. In the mean time the people held him in supreme contempt; for whilst he was thus rising to the highest pinnacle of power, they continue to paste their placards on the palace gates. Among these inscriptions was observed the following:

La reyna lo quicre; el rey tambien,
El pueblo lo sufre, arriba con el.

The queen is attached to him, and not less so
The king. The people submit to this:
Up with him.

An expression this, which children make use of on Good Friday, when they toss Judas in a blanket.

Not satisfied with disgusting all good subjects by such mad proceedings, the royal family disgraced itself to the last degree in the eyes of the whole nation, by going on pilgrimage to Badajoz, the place of Godoy's nativity.

A very intimate friend of mine was in their suite, and from him I learn, that the persons attendant on this expedition were no fewer than 400, passing through a country where ten travellers could scarcely find subsistence. However, on this occasion,

casion, some little degree of modesty, some slight attention to the public feeling, was observed, by declaring this pilgrimage was to the bones of St. Ferdinand of Seville.

We have seen this favourite rising from the condition of guarde de corps to the highest offices of trust and power. We are next to view him as allied to royalty.

I have transiently mentioned, in my Spanish travels, that I met with the first cousin of Charles IV. at Toledo. The history of this family is most remarkable.

The Infant Don Louis, brother to Charles III. in consequence of a system observed in the royal family of Spain, as being a younger brother, was not permitted to marry, but was compelled, contrary to his inclination, to become an ecclesiastic; and that he might never think of abandoning this profession, the king, his brother, conferred on him the archbishopricks of Seville and Toledo. In order to bind him still more closely to the church, the pope created him a cardinal. But as these dignities could not change his disposition, nor change the propensities of nature, he for a length of time resisted being ordained a priest, and, when exalted in the church, he determined to give both his mitres and his hood in exchange for a wife. But although he repeatedly solicited permission of the king to marry, this favour was constantly denied him. Wearied at last by the restraint which this opposition imposed upon him, he assumed a resolute tone, to which the king replied, that he should be permitted to marry, on condition that he should not connect himself with any female who was either of the royal family, or allied to a grandee.

Don Louis, without loss of time, sent to the king a list of names of such ladies as were not prohibited, adding, that he accepted the permission with which his majesty indulged him, and that he would marry any one of those ladies whom his majesty should name. The king viewed this list with the utmost indignation, when he beheld the first name to be Mallabriga; for this young lady, celebrated for the beauty of her person, was daughter to a captain of infantry. In consequence of this indignation, the Infant Don Louis was banished for ever from the court, despoiled of all his honours, and deprived of authority even over his own domestics. He obeyed in silence, wrote to the young lady, and having received her consent to marry him, he left the palace the next day, and retired to Villaviciosa, where he had a palace, and where he resided 14 years. Here he formed his curious cabinet of natural history, which occupied his time, and made him soon forget the society he left behind him at Toledo.

After his death, his children, a son and two little daughters, were taken from their mother, and lodged in the palace of his successor, in the archbishoprick of Toledo, where I had the

happiness

happiness to meet with them. The young prince appeared amiable, but had a certain degree of gloom upon his countenance, which only served to render him more interesting. He was just arrived from Villaviciosa, and was about twelve years of age. His sisters were lodged in a convent of nuns. The young prince was compelled to sign himself Mallabriga, and was not permitted to retain the name of Bourbon. Meek in his appearance, this youth was not destitute of spirit; and therefore, whenever his attendants at any time addressed him by the name of Mallibriga, he was apt to expostulate, and say that his name was the same with that of the kings of Spain and Naples.

He did me the honour to notice me, and was more particular in his attentions, because he was disposed to trace in me some personal resemblance to his father, and because he understood that my pursuits were the same with his.

After the death of Charless III. it was imagined that his son would have relaxed in the severity of treatment towards the children of his uncle; but his conduct was perfectly the reverse of this, being determined that this branch of his family should perish. In consequence of such a resolution, the young prince has been compelled to accept the archbishoprick of Toledo.

Who would ever have imagined that one of these princesses should have been taken from a convent, and have been married to the prince of the peace?

This connexion, by opening views of boundless ambition, has proved his ruin, and may terminate in the extinction of that family which Louis XIV. seated on the throne.

Amidst the numerous evils which this favourite has brought upon the state, we must not overlook one service which may ultimately compensate for them all.

By immemorial custom the king's confessor had been either a monk or an inquisitor, who, undoubtedly, were the most improper keepers of the royal conscience. When jesuits were confessors to most of the crowned heads in Europe, every one conversant with history well knows the political intrigues they cherished, and the persecutions they promoted.

The union of these two characters of inquisitor and confessor, by establishing an absolute dominion over the conscience of the monarch, gave the most firm support to the inquisitorial power in Spain. The fact is certain, and the reason will be evident to those who know that confessors hold the keys of Heaven and of Hell.

When Charles IV. succeeded to the throne, in the very commencement of his reign, by the advice of his favourite, he issued a decree separating for ever the employments of inquisitor and confessor to the crown; and he took for his confessor

fessor an ecclesiastic named Camacho, a person universally esteemed for his moderation and his prudence.

This was a good beginning, and had the times been favourable I have no doubt that he would have proceeded to restrain the power of that tribunal, or would have abolished it. As long as the inquisition shall remain, neither arts, manufactures, commerce, religion, nor morality, can prosper. The Moors in Spain were the principal agriculturists, and the only manufacturers. The Jews were merchants. These were all expelled or burnt by that persecuting court. The good bishop of Oviedo, when he was lamenting the immorality which universally prevailed in Spain, comforted himself in the reflection, that his countrymen were wholly free from the charge of infidelity. I did not think it expedient to remind him that, whilst the French ran riotously after philosophic infidelity, other nations might quietly remain with all their faculties benumbed by the torpid infidelity of ignorance, and that both species were equally productive of immorality.

In Spain the inquisition requires that all, who are come to years of discretion, shall receive the sacrament at Easter, and every person is obliged to deliver in a certificate of the place where the confession was taken, and the sacrament administered to him.

What is the consequence? Common prostitutes, at Easter, hasten from church to church to confess, and to receive the sacrament, and then proceed to sell these certificates to such persons, as, although immoral in their conduct, are not sufficiently impious to attend this sacred ordinance. Is it possible to conceive a more horrid profanation than such a sacramental test?

Should the present struggle between France and Spain terminate in the restoration of the constitution to its original integrity, there can be no doubt that the cortes will find it expedient to abolish the inquisition, and to invite foreigners of all religious persuasions to settle in the country.

As a friend to Spain, and a warm wisher for her prosperity, I please myself in the anticipation of her future felicity, when good government shall give security to person and to property; and, by establishing public credit, promote agricultural improvements through every part of the peninsula. Happy will it be for her if, in the wisdom of her councils, she shall close her eyes against the false glitter of distant conquest and dominion, cultivate the arts of peace, finish her canals, give vent to her commodities, and find true wealth in the industry of her inhabitants, instead of seeking imaginary wealth in the gold and silver of Peru.

With the extensive territory, varied climates, and highly productive soil, which she commands at home, should she abandon

don her foreign possessions, by which she has been, is, and ever will be, enfeebled and impoverished; should she carefully avoid offensive war, and confine all her views and efforts to internal improvement, she will rapidly double and quadruple her inhabitants, she will increase in wealth, she will become invulnerable, and will enjoy uninterrupted peace.

In these circumstances she will be resorted to for traffic by all the nations of the earth, and will be in Europe, what China has been from remote antiquity in Asia.

Anecdotes of Mr. John Wagstaffe, the learned Baker.

EARLY in the present year died, at Bawburgh, near Norwich, in his eighty-second year, John Wagstaffe, one of the society of friends. He was born at Overton, in Hampshire. At the early age of ten years he was placed as an apprentice to a baker in the metropolis; where, during those leisure hours which even the busiest may create, he laid the foundation of that scientific respectability which he afterwards attained. His education being extremely limited and narrow, afforded no presage of ripening talents. But his ardent attachment to literature enabled him successfully to combat every obstacle opposed to its advancement. "Genius," as defined by the biographer of Sir W. Jones, "is the power of application;" this power he possessed in an eminent degree, and the reward of his assiduity, extensive knowledge improved by habitual thought, affords a source of encouragement to the similarly circumstanced in life.

At the expiration of his apprenticeship, he settled in Norwich. An indefatigable attention to the concerns of business and the cares of a family engaged the greater portion of his time; his industry and economy securing a praiseworthy independence, and affording an ample provision for the comforts of old age. This, as well as every subsequent period of his life, still afforded a retreat from the avocations of business, and enabled him to pursue his love of science and the liberal arts. Like the Edwin of Beattie, he delighted to wander in the paths of poesy. "Song was his favourite and first pursuit," and afforded a peculiar relish to his powers of retirement. One of his poems, entitled "Stonehenge," and inscribed to his friend and neighbour Edward Jerningham, esq. contains some noble reflections on that venerable pile of ruins, and was well received by the public. Natural philosophy engaged his early and continued attention.

From a frequent correspondence with the Bath agricultural society, he was elected one of its honorary members, and gra-

tuitously presented with a copy of its works. He was among the earliest and most arduous promoters of the setting of wheat, which now so greatly and beneficially prevails. In various branches of horticulture and planting he was eminently versed, and possessed a well grounded knowledge of botany, entomology, and other departments of natural history. His mind, expanded by liberal cultivation, exhibited a brilliancy and compass of imagination, united with a vigour of understanding rarely possessed, and fully exemplified the remark of Dr. Johnson, that " a tradesman, by the economy of time and a devotion of his leisure hours to study, may become, if not a learned, at least a very useful and sensible man."

Of his social character, cheerfulness, strict integrity, and active benevolence, were leading traits. His morality was that of the Christian dispensation; and his life devoted to virtuous and honourable occupations was rewarded with a peaceful close, and a happy earnest of unfading immortality.

AFFECTING OCCURRENCE.

DURING the disastrous retreat of General Moore's army from Spain last year, an officer of one of the British regiments, overcome with fatigue and hunger, and no longer able to keep up with his companions, had dropped behind. He espied a tuft of trees in a field adjoining the road, towards which he crawled, with the view of resting his wearied limbs secure from the sabres of the pursuing enemy. On his coming near the trees, he perceived a woman, seemingly a soldier's wife, stretched upon the ground, and a little infant lying near her. He approached to administer such assistance as was in his power. It was too late; the hand of death was upon her, and she was scarcely able to utter these words—" God bless you, it is all over," when she expired. The officer sat down beside her; he felt her hand, it was clay cold; he had nothing to succour her with; a brook was near, he filled his hat with water, and besprinkled her face and hands; all was in vain, and he was convinced she was utterly gone. Having rested himself so as to be able again to go on, he tied the little infant in the poor woman's handkerchief, and having fastened it to his back, he pursued his march; in this condition, procuring what sustenance he could for himself and the little orphan, he at last, after a long and wretched journey, reached the port of Vigo, which at that time happened to be unoccupied by the French; there he got on board of a transport, and reached, at last, England with his little charge. His regiment (or rather the remnant of it) had arrived before him, and he joined it,

still accompanied by the infant. He has it (it is a boy) always with him, and has one of the women of the regiment to nurse it; and he declares, that this little orphan, whom Heaven threw upon his protection, shall, let his future fortune through life be good or bad, share it with him.

Such behaviour does great credit to this truly Christian soldier, and affords an additional proof that the bravest men are also the most humane. The pleasing consciousness of having thus saved the life of an inoffensive babe must abundantly compensate for the fatigue and anxiety with which it must have been attended.

An ANECDOTE.

THE fame of Congreve's rockets having reached the Brazils, the prince-regent was desirous of seeing one of them exhibited. He accordingly applied to a British officer, Lieutenant-Colonel G. to procure him that gratification; having learnt that some of these tremendous engines of destruction were on board an English ship of war in the port.

The prince-regent, as a matter of course, was promised the object of his wishes, a day was appointed on which the rockets were to be discharged, and the market-place was fixed upon as the theatre for the exhibition. The day arrived, and the great square of Rio Janeiro was crowded with spectators to witness this new and grand spectacle. The rocket was displayed! The elevation was taken! But, alas! they lighted it at the wrong end! The dreadful explosion of this engine of destruction was the instantaneous consequence. Two men were killed, and a great number wounded.

The British officer, anxious to efface the disgrace attached to such a disaster, begged his royal highness's permission to fire another; promising, at the same time, to take care that no second accident took place, and that the next should be lighted at the right end; but the prudent prince declined the proffered pleasure, and declared he would not have the lives of his good subjects sported with in any such way.

A QUESTION, *by W. Petherick, of Pelyut Academy.*

GIVEN an elliptical piece of ground, whose area is 1½ acre, and whose transverse diameter is to its congregate in the ratio of 8 to 5. Required the length of cord that will permit a horse to strike the periphery of the ellipse, supposing the length of the horse to be 2½ yards.

Answer, by R. Loosemore, of Tiverton, to his own Rebus, inserted July 17.

VIEW attentively each creature,
Made subservient to mankind,
'Midst the boundless works of nature
Then the CONDOR you will find.

Answer, by N. F. B. of St. Columb Academy, to L. N.'s Rebus, inserted the 28th of August.

THE VIOLET's grand, transparent blue,
Your rebus, Sir, has brought to view.

*** Similar answers have been received from J. Ball, and J. French, at Evershot-school; H. B. of Bridgewater; J. W. Jones, of North Petherton; J. Woodman, of North Curry; S. Tucker, of Bugford; William Brewer, of Taunton; J. M. Carveth, near Mevagissey; J. W. of Charmouth; J. N. of Plymouth; J. Kerby, of Helston; Claudius, of Yeovil; C. Caines, at Cerne school; and J. C. junior, of Ottery St. Mary.

Answer, by J. W. Jones, of North Petherton, to T. Pearce's Charade, inserted the 28th of August.

SWEET Emma walk'd with eager haste
The public beach all o'er,
To hail her PARTNER in the SHIP
That's anchor'd near the shore.

*** Similar answers have been received from S. Tucker, Bugford; J. C. jun. of Ottery; H. B. of Bridgewater; Caroline Caines, of Lion's-gate; C. Caines, at Cerne school; J. Bail, and J. French, at Evershot school; and J. M. Carveth, near Mevagissey.

A CHARADE, *by J. Woodman, of North Curry.*

YE gents. if you a colour find,
And then a metal join thereto,
A mineral you will bring to mind,
I've said enough, so now adieu!

A REBUS, *by S. Tucker, of Bugford.*

TWO-THIRDS of what's in every clime dispers'd;
My next is always found in prose or verse;
A prophet's name pray next declare,
The same you must transpose with care:
When you these simple lines unfold,
You'll view a city fam'd of old.

A REBUS, *by R. Withall, of Plymouth.*

A Prying and a skilful bard,
My first transpose, a certain card;
And for my next, Sir, if you wish,
Prepare for use a well-known fish:
These parts reveal, combin'd aright,
A Cornish river comes in sight.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

LINES WRITTEN ON LAURA SLEEPING.

YE raging winds your fury calm,
And sigh in gentle strains;
Ye tempests too your howlings cease,
And leave the grove to smiling peace,
Where love with Laura reigns.

Sleep on my fair! all nature's hush'd
To give thy bosom rest;
Save where the wanton zephyrs move,
And softly whisper notes of love
Around thy tranquil breast.

Here will I stand with rapturous gaze,
Enchanted by the sight:
For tho' thine eye-lids close the day,
Thy charms their beauties still display,
Like heavenly orbs of night.

SIRRON.

TALAVERA.

[From a Poem lately published in Ireland, on the Battle of Talavera.]

'TWAS dark: from every mountain head
The sunny smile of heaven had fled,
And evening, over hill and dale
Dropp'd, with the dew, her shadowy veil;
In fabled Tajo's dark'ning tide
Was quench'd the golden ray;
Silent, the silent stream beside,
Three gallant people's hope and pride,
Three gallant armies lay.
Welcome to them the clouds of night,
That close a fierce and hurried fight;
And wearied all, and none elate,
With equal hope and doubt, they wait
A fiercer, bloodier day.
France, every nation's foe, is there,
And Albion's sons her red-cross bear;
With Spain's young liberty to share
The fortune of the fray.

Thrice come they on, and thrice their shock
Rebounding breaks, as from the rock
The wintery billow's thrown;
And many a gallant feat is done,
And many a laurel lost and won,
Unwitness'd and unknown;
Feats that achiev'd in face of day,
In Peter's holy aisle, for aye,
Had liv'd in sculptur'd stone.

Oh!

Oh! for a blaze from heaven to light
The wonders of that gloomy fight,
The wreath of honour to bestow,
Of which the sullen envious night,
Bereaves the warrior's brow!
Darking they fight, and only know
If chance has sped the fatal blow,
Or by the trodden corse below,
Or by the dying groan:
Furious they strike without a mark,
Save now and then the sulph'rous spark
Illumes some visage grim and dark,
That with the flash is gone!

The conclusion is very pathetic.

I would not check the tender sigh,
I would not chide the pious tear,
That heaves the heart, and dims the eye,
When honour'd friend and kinsman dear,
Even upon victory's proudest bier,
Lov'd, lost, lamented, lie!
But I would say, for those that die
In honour's high career,
For those in glory's grave who sleep,
Weep fondly, but exulting, weep!
The fairest wreath that fame can bind,
Is ever with the cypress twin'd;
And fresher from the untimely tomb
Renown's eternal laurels bloom;
Fickle is fortune, and unsure,
And worth and fame to be secure
Must be in death enshrin'd.

I too have known what 'tis to part
With the first inmate of my heart;
To feel the ties of nature riven,
To witness o'er the glowing dawn,
The spring of youth, the fire of heaven,
The grave's deep shadows drawn!
He slept not on the battle plain
The slumber of the brave—
Worn with disease, and rack'd with pain,
Far over the Atlantic wave
He sought eluding health—in vain.
Health never lit his eye again,
He fills a foreign grave;
Oh! had he liv'd, his hand to-day
Had woven for the victor's brow,
Such chaplet as the enthusiast lay
Of genius may bestow;
Or, since 'twas Heaven's severer doom
To call him to an early tomb,
Would, WELLESLEY! would that he had died
Beneath thine eye, and at thy side!
It would have lighten'd sorrow's load
Had thy applause on him bestow'd
The fame he lov'd in thee!
And rear'd his honour'd tomb beside
Those of the gallant hearts who died,
Their kinsmen's, friends', and country's pride,
In Talavera's victory.